Press

THE TOWNSHIP REGISTER

The Newark Register

ALVARADO - CENTERVILLE - DECOTO - IRVINGTON - MISSION SAN JOSE - NEWARK - WARM SPRINGS - NILES

VOL. 6. NILES, WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 20, 1913 No. 31

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEETS

Committee Appointed in the Sewer District Matter

The Chamber of Commerce met on Tuesday with Mr. Overacker in the chair. Mr. Julius Jacobi resigned as secretary. Mr. McRae was elected to fill the position temporarily and at the next meeting a permanent secretary will probably be elected.

Overacker and McRae were appointed a committee to interview County Surveyor Haviland regarding the lines for the proposed sewer district.

NILES

The wedding of Miss Vivian Ellis and Mr. Marshall Hubbs was celebrated in San Francisco, Thursday. Miss Ellis made her home in Niles for many years with Mrs. W.H. Ford. Mr. Hubbs is civil engineer with the Spring Valley Water Company and has been in Niles for some months. They will remain there for a few weeks and then go to San Francisco to reside. The congratulations of the community are extended to the happy couple.

Mrs. D. Velsir entertained at a delightful luncheon and card party on Thursday, the occasion being her birthday anniversary. About twenty ladies were present, all the guests being from Niles with the exception of Mrs. A. T. Ames of Centerville.

A lovely luncheon was served at small tables, and afterwards 500 was played. Mrs. E. B. Tyson won first prize for highest score, and Mrs. H. B. Ellsworth took second prize. Mrs. Ford was awarded the consolation prize.

Mrs. Velsir was the recipient of many handsome birthday gifts from the guests.

Mrs. Kaufuss and Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], all of San Francisco, who have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tyson, spent Saturday and Sunday in an automobile tour round the bay. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tyson are celebrating their wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Schofield and Mrs. Mayhew are visiting friends in Los Gatos. They will attend the meeting of the We and Our Neighbors Club while there.

Miss De Cora attended the anniversary luncheon of the Home club in East Oakland as a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hunt and sons Ronald and Harry with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Mozer returned to town Monday from Pacific Grove. They occupied a cottage while there and had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ferrario were visitors in Alameda the past four days. They had a very pleasant trip Mr. Ferrario's father is a retired merchant of Alameda.

Miss Lena Butler, formerly of Niles, and Mr. Tom Silver of Hayward were married Wednesday morning at the Hayward Catholic church. The newly married couple left on the afternoon train for a honeymoon at Santa Cruz. On their arrival at Niles the train was met by a party of their friends who extended the customary felicitations and showered the bride with rice as the train pulled out.

Mrs. Harry Morel and little daughter Wanda were in San Jose, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Wiley of San Francisco visited with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson on Sunday.

Mrs. A. Iverson of Minnesota is visiting her brother, George Melase in Niles Glen.

Mr. H. A. Mozer and family are spending the month at Carmel.

Gus Simpson went to San Rafael Sunday and took in the ball game.

Tessie Moore was a Niles visitor on Wednesday.

ALAMEDA COUNTY FAIR

The final arrangements have been made for the second annual exhibit of the Alameda County Fair Association, and entries and displays are already being installed at Pleasanton. This fair opens next Wednesday and will run through until Sunday night. The best of the features have been secured from the state fair at Sacramento.

Purses for racing were more liberal, thus insuring a good racing card.

There will be a stock and horse parade every afternoon at which the most choice specimens will be put on exhibition.

The amusement committee has secured some of the best features from the state fair and from Idora Park in Oakland. A special dancing tent has been erected and there will be dancing for the young folks, both afternoon and evening.

Wednesday the towns of Pleasanton and Livermore will have charge and Washington and Eden townships will reign on Thursday.

Niles Notes

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shinn, their two sons and Miss Martha Sanford went to San Francisco Friday afternoon by auto. They will visit friends and on Sunday go to Golden Gate Park.

Harrison Snyder of San Francisco spent the week end with his family in Niles. They made a trip to Livermore on Sunday and were impressed with the good condition of the roads.

Mrs. E. C. McCornish and wife of Sacramento visited with Mrs. C. E. Fournier and Mrs. W. E. Phillips and attended the Admission Day celebration in Oakland.

Wm. Catterlin, Bob Sutherland, D. B. Greenwood and Miss G. Cutterlin motored to Oakland Tuesday evening and took in the theatre.

S. J. Duffey attended the wedding of his uncle [illegible] Duffey at Hotel Oakland Wed[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McLeliand of Eureka were guests of Mrs. W. E. Gibson during the week.

Mr. C. McCuen has taken up his position of show card writer for a large firm in San Francisco.

Mrs. W. B. Kirk left for the east on Monday. She will be gone a month and will visit her mother in Kansas.

W. E. Phillips and family will soon occupy their new home which he is building in Niles Glen.

CENTERVILLE

Joe S. Luna is building a new cottage in School street.

Rufus Duarte and George Silva are attending the state fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Frates were serenaded by the concert band on their return from their honeymoon which was spent in Sacramento and Santa Cruz.

A social dance will be given by the Centerville concert band at the town hall this Saturday evening. Concerts are given every Sunday evening in the Centerville park by the band.

FOR SALE—Second-hand 220 volt Hot Point iron. Best condition. $1.90. Cost new, $3.50. Inquire Register office.

Centerville Garage

N. B. RANDALL, Prop.

MACHINE and REPAIR WORK

A SPECIALTY

Automobile Tires, Oils and Sundries.
Agency for Thor Motorcycle.
Prest-o-Lite Tanks Exchanged.
Storage Batteries Charged.
Autos for Hire.
Service at all hours, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CENTERVILLE, CAL.

COLUMBUS DAY SUNDAY, OCT. 12

Celebration at Lakeside Park and on Lake Merritt

OAKLAND, Sept. 18—The Columbus Day celebration in Oakland this year which will be held Sunday, October 12, promises to be the greatest ever held in this section. Invitations have been issued to all nearby cities to co-operate and help make this state holiday one of the most distinctive in the state.

The celebration will be held at Lakeside Park and on Lake Merritt. There will be the landing of Columbus in three distinct caravels the meeting with the Indians, and the reception by Queen Isabella on the return of the discoverers to Spain. A literary and musical program will be held at Lakeside park.

It is hoped to have Lake Merritt entirely illuminated for the night in Venice, and for the fireworks display. It is realized that Lake Merritt is one of the finest assets of any city in the country. It is intended to make Columbus Day to Oakland what the Mardi Gras is to New Orleans—a distinctive holiday known throughout the United States.

CHURCH NOTICES

Congregational Church.

Regular services in the Congregational church next Sunday at 11 and 7:45 o'clock.

Sunday school at 10 o'clock.

Morning subject, "Our Present Age Duty."

Splendid music by the choir both morning and evening.

By order of the president, the Men's League will meet at close of evening service. All are cordially invited to the services and all the men of the League try and atte[illegible] the evening.

SUBMARINE TELEPHONE

What is probably the first ocean telephone call station is in Platte Fougere lighthouse on a rock lying about a mile and a quarter to the northeast of Guernsey, Channel Islands. The lighthouse, which has no keeper, is fitted with a powerful fog-signal, worked from shore by means of a submarine cable. In a fog ships creep up guided by the foghorn and drop anchor near the lighthouse until the fog lifts sufficiently to enable them to take the narrow channel to the harbors of Guernsey. In such case any pilot or ship's officer, by climbing the lighthouse, can ring up Guernsey telephone exchange and report his ship. The telephone is reached by climbing a forty-two rung ladder to the platform outside the lighthouse doors. Before he can leave the ladder the pilot pushes open a trap door which covers the manhole in the platform.

The arrangement is such that the pilot cannot open the lighthouse door to reach the telephone until he has shut down the trap-door over the manhole. The act of opening the outer lighthouse door connects the telephone fitted outside the inner door of the lighthouse, which is kept locked. Only one wire in the cable is available for the telephone, and even this wire is required for other purposes, and closing the door after using the telephone connects up several telltale devices. The lighthouse door cannot be left open by forgetfulness, because the pilot must close it before he is able to lift the trap-door to reach the ladder.

DOINGS OF THE ESSANAY PEOPLE

Interesting Notes from the Big Picture Company

The majority of the Essanay company journeyed to San Rafael, Sunday to see the ball game. While there they renewed acquaintances of many old friends.

The game was decided against Niles 9 to 7, on a bad decision by Umpire "Honest" Jim Nealon. The attendance was good.

Miss Reina Valdez, former leading lady of the Lubin Mexican company, has accepted a similar position with the Essanay. Miss Valdez was in Mexico about eight months during the late war and saw some very hard fighting, but frankly admits she is no heroine. She is a late model from the Chicago Art School.

Mr. Anderson has departed for Chicago on a hurried business trip and will be gone ten days. Mr. Anderson expects to open his new Gaiety theatre in San Francisco about October 15. The first show for the Gaiety is now en route from the east and is playing to large houses in cities en route.

Margaret Clayton of the Essanay spent an enjoyable week end in San Francisco with her aunt, Mrs. Harry Hulett the bankers wife.

Margarite Todd's tenth birthday was a memorable one. Among the presents received by the little favorite was a bank account.

Cameraman Ira Morgan's wife who has been sick in the hospital, is greatly improved.

H. N. Ensign, a new camera man is joined the company.

Mr. Keenan is going to Fruitvale to reside on the first.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crosby will spend [illegible] is visiting her mother in Decoto.

NEWARK

Newarks Victorious.

NEWARK, Sept. 15.—The Barney Frankels of San Francisco were defeated Sunday by the Newark team on the local grounds. Score 6 to 3.

Kerston pitched a fairly good game for Newark, although a trifle wild at times.

Johnnie Marshall is hitting the ball right along, and Mathiassen was quite noticeable.

The Niles baseball club will play the Livermore team on Sunday at Niles. A large attendance is expected. Fodder and Sund will be the battery for Niles. Old Tom Sullivan, proprietor of Sullivan's park, Niles' foremost baseball fan, will be there with his lemon juice. It is expected to play a return game at Livermore Sunday week.

Elmer Whipple, who is at the head of the show booked to appear in Niles, tonight, is well known to the general public, both as a magician and as a pianist.

This Saturday Night

Conners' Theatre

Elmer J. Whipple and his Celebrated "Shadow People"

IN

"SPOOKS"

DON'T MISS IT : :

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The new probation home was one of the principal matters discussed at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors in Oakland on Monday.

"There is little to say that has not already been said," said J. P. Richardson, chairman of the probation committee, on the matter of the new detention home plan. "The law authorizes you to build this home; in fact, it makes it your duty to provide a home. You did some years ago. The present home, an old residence you rented, bas been outgrown, is a fire trap and no longer useful. We have housed as many as 27 children there. There is only accommodation for 18. Our offices are too crowded and the work is badly hampered. The time has come for a new home. Los Angeles, an inferior county, has a $125,000 home. We need one just as badly.

"We have looked over several sites, all of a fair price. We have a tentative plan for a building which would be adequate. The cost, as we plan, would range from $55,000 to $71,000, according to materials decided upon. We favor concrete."

Richardson filed with the board a tentative plan for the building. This is not detailed but only gives an idea of the type favored.

Supervisor Foss was in doubt as to whether it should be made a matter of tax levy or bond issue .

Charman Mullins favored the new home as a necessity. Murphy said he would withold his opinion until he learned the cost.

Bridge was in favor of a bond issue, while Kelley favored a direct tax if the county tax rate could be kept within bounds.

IRVINGTON

Ed. Roderick and Clay Brewer accompanied by their wives, are attending the state fair.

Miss Elsie Robinson is visiting her father and mother.

Frank [illegible] are

Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham and [illegible] son are visiting at Dr. Durhams.

Anna Durham spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Cutler at Palo Alto.

Lawrence Laughlin who is employed by the Spring Valley Water Company, near Burlingame, was in town for a few days.

Ysaye, the famous violinist, was the guest of a New York millionaire who in his early days was a shoemaker. After dinner his host importuned Ysaye to play, and when he hesitated remarked: "A man should never be ashamed to exhibit his art." Thereupon Ysaye played to his host. Having returned to Europe, the violinist invited his former millionaire host, who happened to be in Paris, to dinner. During the evening a pair of boots much the worse for wear were handed to the guest.

"My dear friend," said Ysaye, "do me the favor of mending these boots for me."

The millionaire was speechless with amazement.

"A man should never be ashamed to exhibit his art," added Ysaye, with a significant smile.

The Southern Pacific Company sent the bridge gang on Friday from Niles to San Luis.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

Notice of Hearing Application for Liquor License

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 6th day of October, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., at the rooms of the Board of Supervisors, in the annex to the Hall of Records in the City of Oakland, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing the application of

J. D. LYNCH

to obtain a liquor license for the sale of liquor at Niles in Niles Election Precinct.

The following named have recommened the granting of said license, viz: A. Kell, Maria Ribeiro, Manuel A. Nevis, A. G. Duarte, Raffealo Poggetto, Burnardo Moura, Manuel Lopez, Joaquin Fields, O. S. Roland, J. D. Roderick, Antone Fields, Frank Rodriques.

JOHN P. COOK,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
Dated Oakland, Cal., September 15, 1913. 9-20-27—10-4.

MRS. DENISON'S WILL IS PROBATED

Document Disposes of Large Estate

The will of the late Celia Dennison, widow of the late State Senator Eli Dennison, prominent in Oakland politics and founder of the Dennison News Service which he held an exclusive right over the Southern Pacific Company, was filed for probate in Oakland, Tuesday.

The document disposes of an estate valued at more than $90,000, consisting entirely of cash on deposit in Oakland banks.

When Senator Denison died a number of years ago he left an estate to his widow valued at more than $500,000, a large portion of which was in real estate. When Mrs. Denison made her will, May 30, 1908, she deeded most of her real property to her relatives, retaining for herslf only the actual cash that remained.

The will bequeats $10,000 each to Florence D. Sloper and Bernice Sloper, granddaughters, $3,000 to Clara Bailey, a sister who used to live in Niles, but who had latterly been living in Alameda; $500 to Nellie Fogarty, her servant, for faithful services; $1,000 to Eli Dennison Ayer, a grandson, and the residue to her her daughters, Lurana Dennison and Mrs. Olive D. Ayer, share and share alike. The later are named as executrices of the will.

Mrs. Bailey died two days before Mrs. Dennison.

MOVING PICTURE THEATRE PROGRAM

Monday, Sept. 22, Niles; Tuesday, Sept. 23, Alvarado; Wednesday, Sept. 24, Centerville; Thursday, Sept. 25, Missio[illegible] two-reel

Monday, Sept. 22, Irvington; Wednesday, Sept. 24, Niles; Thursday, Sept.. 25, Newark. Selig—A Canine Matchmaker. Lubin—On the Threshold. Vita—How Fatty Made Good. Kalem—The Senator's Dishonor.

Friday, Sept. 26, Niles; Saturday, Sept. 27, Centerville; Sunday matinee, Sept. 28, Mission San Jose; Sunday, Sept. 28, Decoto. S. & A.—Making of Broncho Billy. Bio—a. The Masher Cop, b. What is the Use of Repining? Kalem—The Pride of Angry Bear.

Friday, Sept. 26, Irvington; Saturday, Sept. 27, Niles; Sunday Sept. 28, Newark. Lubin—The House in the Woods. Vita—When Mary Grew Up. Vita—It Made Him Mad. Selig—The Lesson.

A meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Cypress Cemetery Association will be held on Saturday afternoon, September 27th, at 2 p m., at the Decoto schoolhouse. By order of the Secretary, J. C. Whipple. Matters of importance will come before the meeting.

EARLIER ISSUE.

In an earnest effort to get the Register to its subscribers on Saturday, the time of closing forms and going to press has been advanced one day, commencing with this issue.

This has entailed an immense amount of hard and hurried work in getting out this issue, and we hope our efforts to meet the general demand for the prompt issue of the paper will be appreciated.

Advertisers and contributors are requested to take notice and to hand in copy as early in the week as possible.

SAN LEANDRO REAL ESTATE

For Sale—Modern bungalow, six rooms, reception hall, bath. Large verandas, 20 feet and 34 feet in length. Screened back porch; 6-foot paneling; beamed ceilings studded with electric lights. All modern conveniences. Lot 80x145; driveway; fruit and flowers. Well and city water. Near S. P. local, and half block from East 14th street cars. Price $4500; terms if desired. Apply to owner, 25 Dutton avenue, San Leandro.

9-20/13

The Township Register

THE NEWARK REGISTER

Devoted to the interests of Washington Township

Issued every Saturday
Office on Main Street, Niles, Alameda County, Cal.
Phone Main 231

L. W. Rood, lessee; L. L. Murch, business manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Entered as Second Class Matter, July 17, 1909, at the Post Office at Niles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Population of Washington Township

Niles	1500
Centerville	1425
Newark	1200
Alvarado	1100
Irvington	1050
Decoto	850
Mission San Jose	800
Warm Springs	600
Total	8650

Washington Township Officials

Justices of the Peace:
S. Sandholdt, J. E. Wamsley,

Constables:
Frank Rose, Niles — M. Oliveria, Centerville

Road Overseers:

Niles	C. B. Overacker
Irvington	Manuel V. Perry
Warm Springs	Manuel Brown
Centerville	J. J. Santos
Newark	A. S. Caldiera
Alviso	Antone George
Decoto	F. W. Meyer
Mission San Jose	M. R. Telles
Alvarado	O. J. Emery

HOW WE MARRY

Christmas at Belletowers, how she had looked forward to it! No wonder either, considering what her life was. Nora's was not a family where love and harmony softened the thorny point of poverty. A broken-down speculator, and a ci-devant beauty who had never been anything but a beauty, are not promising materials for the manufacture of an edifying elderly couple. A sister whose indifferent disposition had been made detestable by bad bringing up, and by her failure at the competitive examination by the beaus of the county to pass as a belle at the assize ball which it had been settled was to decide her fate; two ne'er-do-well loutisr brothers; and, to crown all, a young female demon in short frocks who, being apparently the only thing her parents loved, took unceasing delight in torturing, with precocious ingenuity, all those whom they did not love; a houndish form of gratitude—such were Nora Boynuton's family. But she was god-daughter to her second cousin, Lord Belletowers. That god-natured nobleman had long [illegible] the white [illegible] their dirty linen [illegible] presence had disgusted him with [illegible] fecunious brood.

He and his wife, however, had taken a fancy to the pretty Nora as a child, and still occasionaly sent her a five pound note to buy herself a birthday or Christmas present.

But Belletowers is in Devon, and the Boyntons vegetate in Yorkshire; so that they seldom or never met, save when his lordship paid his biennial visit to his northern posessions, and then he would send over his housekeeper, some ten miles, in a gig, to fetch the young damsel out for a treat, very coolly, but not unjustifiably, ignoring the rest of the family. As Nora approached womanhood, however, these jaunts well-nigh ceased. The welcome fivers too, had become rarer and rarer; for his lordship in common with most of his noble confreres, was a great sufferer by the hard times the farmers were having. He had, moreover, a large family of his own, and he gradually told himself that justice forbade his indulging to any serious degree in the luxury of a god-daughter whom he had thought, under more affluent circumstances, of providing with a moderate dower.

It had been arranged, however, that Nora was to visit her noble kinsman's roof in Devon for the first time, in order to assist at the Chrstmas festivities, which were expected to be more than brilliant that year. There was to be a play in the house, in which she was to take a small part, her first attempt in that line.

Whether it was that the distant sunshine from the sponsorial towers had reached and softened her, or that some long-dead progenitor had transmitted to her a gentler nature than the rest, our heroine was certainly a very nice little girl of eighteen; and so everybody thought she had joined the distinguished circle at five o'clock tea on the day the long-looked-forward-to party assembled. She came quite alone, to be under the chaperonage of Lady Belletowers. Her journey was performed third-class, for, though a ten-pound note had been inclosed with the invitation for travelling expenses, every spare penny was required to put her very modest wardrobe upon a war-footing; every girl, when she sets sail for her native harbor, being of course, more or less, on conquest bent.

"Sir Paul, let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Boynton," said the hostess, who had kissed Nora quite as a matter of course on her arrival.

The accolade and "my cousin," the girl thought, gave her rank in the house at once and removed all dread of the poor-relation reception she had feared might await her.

As Sir Paul is only saying the most common-place things—though no one says them more pleasantly—we will look at him for a moment instead of listening. He is one of those men to whom grayness is a godsend. There is a distingue twist about those temple locks which may not be quite artless, but their decided gray accentuates, as nothing else can do, the freshness and fine chiseling of the face which has at least seen five and forty summers. His figure is elegance itself, and his light drab traveling suit is of faultless make.

Nora, however, sees none of these perfections. The cursory and inexperienced glance of youth had told her the baronet was an old fogy—forty is so old to eighteen—and it was not to meet such that she had traveled third-class for all those miles in cold December weather. Her family had bade her adieu, with an implied, "Don't come back if you can help it," in every tone and gesture. Nor was it wonderful that for once she should wish to comply with their behests.

There is a golden-haired young stripling in black velvet, all a-sprawl upon the ottoman, who has already caught her eye.

To quote a real, live, young—very young—lady we heard say it, "he is more the sort of looking man;" and with delightful impudence he is already telling her—though in full parley with a rival beauty—that he loves her, with his eyes.

So familiar are his smiling glances that Nora at first fancies she must have known him somewhere, and is surprised into smiling back. Then she biushes at her mistake; yet cannot, for the life of her, feel angry with him.

And now she overhears an old dowager at her elbow deliberately ordering her granddaughter to make a dead set at him.

"Heir to a barony, enormous rent-toll, his mother dying for him to marry. Babley,may dear—B-a-b-l-e-y—eh! yes, I know, not a pretty name; stuff and nonsense. How dare you giggle, miss? What do surnames matter, when you have a title like De Porchington?"

Nora was sitting very quietly sipping her tea in a corner near the fire. She was tired from her long journey, moreover a little shy; but nevertheless she was gleaning; and scraps of information from the sheaves of knowledge anent people and things dropped
NILES TWO
here and there by different members of that aristocratic house might prove very useful in the future.

She looked once more across the room at the future Lord de Porchington, and smiled as she thought, "If he admires me now in my dusty traveling clothes, what will he think of me presently in my white silk with the gladiolus flowers?"

Babley took the smile directly for himself, and getting up from his half-recumbent position beside Miss Chevenix he lounged to the fireplace; by this deliberate act sowing the seeds of hatred in the Chevenix heart toward the fair intruder, making Sir Paul mentally designate him "an impertinent young puppy," and awakening with intent in Nora's heart the beginning of her first romance.

Half an hour afterward, when she had been shown her room, and with the assistance of Lady Belletower's second maid she is unpacking the greatest wealth of earthly possessions she has ever yet known, they already fade into comparative littleness as she pictures to herself the wonderful toilets she may one day display as the wife of the rich Lord de Porchington. But she cannot afford time to build airca[illegible] She [illegible] the white [illegible] art, and [illegible] that she [illegible] chaperone her [illegible] the drawing-room.

Neither Sir Paul hor Babley are in the room. Still some half-dozen or so of the party have assembled, and Nora feels all her shyness come back when she finds herself in a little knot of women who seem to depress her by the ease of their manners and their off-hand superiority. Her nervousness reaches its climax when she distinctly hears Miss Chevenix remark to a very plain little Miss Despreaux—the heiress of the party—" that the new cousin is badly dressed, and wants style!" Badly dressed! poor Nora. What severer trial to a girl who has spent all her money and energies for weeks on her toilets, even to not sleeping at night, in order to plan the dresses for Christmas, than to be told that she is badly dressed? Babley came in at this juncture. Miss Chevenix pounced upon him forthwith, with a request that he would sing that divine ballad about "The Curls of Jove" to them after dinner; but he cast an approving look at Nora, as though to say he thought she looked divine. The blood rushed back to her heart, and she was happy; five seconds ago she felt so wretched that she was contemplating flight under pretext of headache.

Dinner was announced.

"Sir Paul, will you take in my young cousin?"

The baronet seemed nothing loath. Nora looked at Babley presently when they were all seated. He sat, however, a long way from her on the same side of the table; she could not even see him during dinner, so she talked simply and pleasantly to Sir Paul, who thought the new addition to the house party a very charming one.

The theatricals were to take place on Christmas eve, to which it still wanted a week; but then every moment until then would be taken up by rehearsals, discussions, trying on dresses, and a dozen other delightful modes of passing time; and Nora, who had never of course been in such a whirl before, was in ecstacies, as she confided to Sir Paul before dinner was half over. It never would have occurred to Nora to fall in love with Sir Paul, but he seemed such a nice fatherly man, she felt she could tell him everything and she chatted away about all her hopes and fears in the most natural manner. He had declined to take a part in the theatricals, but had promised to prompt and stage manage, and make himself generally useful. Of course he would look especially after Nora.

"And then, you know, I shall feel quite safe; for it does make one very shy acting for the first time, does it not?"

"I am sure you will prove the most charming soubrette imaginable. Miss Chevenix is to play."

"Yes," said Nora, a sort of cold feeling coming over her when she thought of Miss Chevenix.

"And Babley. He is an accomplished actor; quite an old stager."

"I am so glad; then he will teach me. I am so horribly ignorant."

"Delighted, I should imagine;" which was more than Sir Paul looked as he uttered the word.

He was right, however, Babley was delighted; his eyes told it all too plainly, even if his ready tongue had not expressed it, when Nora asked him rather timorously in the drawing room after dinner, if he would kindly teach her how to act her part. What more legitimate flirting ground than coaching a pretty girl in amateur theatricals?

So the week ebbed away, ebbed all too rapidly for Nora, who was perfectly, entrancingly happy. Never before in her life had she even dreamed that such utter happiness could be. Never, probably, again in her life would she taste it. The first experience of young love was far too intoxicating to last. Yet Nora imagined that it would go on forever. No more monotonous, dull weeks in the moldy north-country town. The whole future would be bright, like that genial, enjoyable Devonshire Christmas. Babley was her slave, and so thoroughly did she feel protected by his attentions that in less than two days she ceased to care about Miss Chevenix barbed arrows, sharp though their points undeniably were.

Lady Belletowers noted the flirtation; how could she help it? but she said nothing. She had no fault to find with her young charge, whose behavior was perfectly dignified and maidenly; and it came to nothing, which, perhaps, from having seen Mr. Babley pass through the throes more than once, she rather expected, yet Lady Belletowers was one of those women of the world who believe that a real honest flirtation is not altogether disadvantageous to a girl's prospects.

"Time does pass quickly when one is happy," thought Nora; for Christmas eve came much too soon, though she had been looking forward to it for weeks. Anticipation in her case, however, did not prove the keener part of pleasure; for was she not in the very seventh heaven? The flowers, the lights, the stage, the music, the lovely bracelet Lord Belletowers had given her for Christmas, the quiet attention of Sir Paul, the adulation of those in the house party who preferred Miss Boynton to Miss Chevenix (and they were many), above all the tremendous outpouring of Babley worship—if all this was not enough to turn little Nora's head, unaccustomed as it was

Continued on Page 3

STOP AT THE.... P. J. MURPHY, Mgr.

Niles Hotel

BAR IN CONNECTION WHEN YOU VISIT
Convenient to All Business Houses
Special Attention to Transients NILES, CALIFORNIA

Board by the Day, Week or Month Prompt and Courteous Service

The Mission Hotel

J. S. DUTRA, Prop.
FIRST CLASS BAR in connection MISSION SAN JOSE, CAL.

Phone Main 251 Strictly First Class

HOTEL WESLEY

Leading Hotel of Washington Township
Special Rates to Weekly Boarders
Celebrated Hayward Steam Beer NILES, CAL.

Phone Black 54 First Class Livery in Connection

Hotel Gregory

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HOW WE MARRY

Continued from page 2.

to a whirl, it must indeed have been strong.

The acting was a perfect success. Are not all amateur theatricals undeniable successes? Although Miss Chevenix played the leading part, and received the wreath of laurel, Babley himself presenting it on his bended knee, yet Nora was quite satisfied with herself and with Babley's stray glances when no one was looking. She was in the least jealous of Miss Chevenix, and went to bed early on Christmas morning perfectly happy, only one regret marring her bliss, that "those beautiful theatricals were over."

She came down to breakfast on the day of the great festival looking very bright, and when the whole party started for the village church, Nora's sonsie face under her little seal-skin hat, was generally voted the fairest there. She walked to church with Sir Paul, and gushed to him of the happiness she had derived from her visit to Belletowers he listening to every word she uttered with a half-amused, half-sorrowful expression, for which Nora, as she thought of it by and by, when she ought to have been listening to the sermon, could not wholly account.

She walked back from church with Mr. Babley. For a minute or two they talked of their histronic triumphs on the previous evening; then they lapsed into a tenderer strain; that is, Mr. Babley told her how pretty she had looked last night in her little short soubrette's dress, but that she looked prettier far this morning, with the bright winter sun falling on her face. There were so few faces, he said, that could meet the glare of daylight and defy it.

And then he told her that he loved her—with his eyes. They were dark-blue speaking eyes, and they frequently served him instead of speech, thus preventing him from getting into the difficulties words sometimes entail. It was very pleasant to be complimented by Mr. Babley, and to have his great expressive eyes staring into your very soul. At least so Nora thought; but she began, nevertheless, just to wonder whether he never meant to go any further. Time was slipping away, and visions of that third-class railway carriage, and the wretched, half-furnished, half-fed northern home would obtrude themselves. She had only been invited for a fortnight; Lady Belletowers never gave long invitations; and half of that halcyon time was gone.

Nora was ruminating in some such strain, when Mr. Babley said,

"The frost looks as if it were going to yield. Thank goodness, we shall get some hunting."

"Do you hunt?"

"I should think so—rather. It is the only thing in the world worth living for. All the summer through I dream of hunting, and then when winter arrives there's a horrid frost, and one is obliged to amuse one's self with theatricals."

"Oh. Mr. Babley, I thought you liked theatricals!"

"Of course I do, but I like hunting better. And so would you, had you ever tried it!"

He included her, believing she would participate in his love of sport; but, nevertheless, the statement that he loved hunting better than anything jarred.

"And you shall never give up hunting?" she asked; "never give up hunting? It is the only thing worth living for?"

"Not till I am too old for life to be worth living," he answered, with a laugh. "You should see Barley-sugar and Rosie, my two pet hunters. They are beauties, and no mistake."

Nora gave a little "Oh!" She was more jealous of the hunters than of any attentions she had ever seen Mr. Babley pay to any human divinities.

Christmas-eve she had been at the very flood-tide of happiness. Christmas day the ebb seemed to have set in. It was not that Babley was less assiduous in his attentions, but Nora was growing tired of attentions which never got any further, and of which she found Barley-sugar and Rosie had by far the greater share; for the frost of the last ten days was succeeded by a rapid thaw, so that little was seen of the heroes of the party, at least during the day. Nora was already beginning to discover that Belletowers was not the Utopia she had believed it to be, and that even in palaces, with riches to command, there were many dull hours to be passed.

New-year's night there was to be a ball. She had nearly danced her cheap shoes into holes with the amount of dancing which had already been perpetrated; and as for her new dresses, they sadly wanted a maid to furbish them up; but she devoted some of her time to darning and renovating, and looked forward to the new year being inaugurated by another triumph. On the morrow the party was to disperse; and Nora felt that if Mr. Babley did not come forward tonight she would have to go back to her northern home more utterly unfit to struggle with its vicissitudes than ever she had been in her life before.

She came out of her room looking lovely. Her deft fingers had done wonders for the draggled tulle, and meeting the plain heiress on the stairs, she hooked her arms in hers, and they went down into the ball room together. Sir Paul asked her for the first dance; Mr. Babley carried off the heiress.

Continiued on page 4

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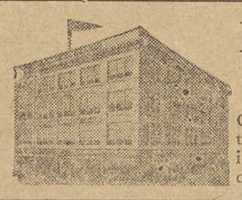

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LEGAL ADVERTISING.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

Order to Show Cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate and Personal Property Should Not Be Made.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

No. 17602.

In the Matter of the Estate of Francisco Garcia Duarte, who was also known as Frank Garcia Duarte and also as Francisco Garcia de Duarte, deceased.

Manuel G. Duarte, the administrator of the estate of Francisco Garcia Duarte, who was also known as Frank Garcia Duarte and also as Francisco Garcia de Duarte, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said estate; that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate and all the personal property belonging to the estate of said deceased to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, accrued and to accrue,

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court on **Tuesday, the 7th day of October, 1913,** at 10 o'clock a.m., at the court room of said court, Department No. 4, at the court house in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator to sell all the personal property and all or so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in "The Township Register," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the said county of Alameda.

Dated September 2nd, 1913.

F. B. OGDEN,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed:
Filed Sept. 2, 1913.

JOHN P. COOK,
County Clerk.
By W. W. CRANE, Deputy Clerk.

JNO. G. MATTOS, Jr., Attorney for Administrator, Centerville, Cal.

First publication of this order, Sept. 6, 1913.

9—6-13-20-27—10—4—13

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

Know all Men by these Presents:

That, we, the undersigned, do hereby certify and acknowledge that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name of "Hellwig & Lagrave" and that we are the sole members of said co-partnership; and the present places of business of said co-partnership are at Haywards, Niles and Alvarado, Alameda county, California; that the full names of said members of said co-partnership are as follows:

George P. Hellwig, residing in Alvarado, Cal.

Victor Lagrave, residing in Haywards, Cal.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 4th day of August, A. D. 1913.

(Signed) GEORGE P. HELLWIG,
(Signed) VICTOR LAGRAVE.

State of California, County of Alameda—ss.

On this 4th day of August, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen before me, Chas. A. Gale, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George P. Hellwig and Victor Lagrave, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the County and State aforesaid, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal.) CHAS. A. GALE,
Notary Public in and for the County of Alameda, State of California.

8—23-30—9—6-13-20—13

Notice of Hearing Application for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 22nd day of September, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., at the rooms of the Board of Supervisors, in the annex to the Hall of Records, in the City of Oakland, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing the application of

F. D. GOULARTE

to obtain a liquor license for the sale of liquor at Decoto, in Decoto Election Precinct.

The following named have recommended the granting of the said license, viz.: H. C. Searles, Ezra Decoto, F. A. Soares, M. F. Pimentel, Frank Caldeira, Manuel L. Avilla, Henry May, John Duarte, P. A. Swanson, Manuel Brown, Joseph R. Abras, J. H. Smith, J. J. Cordeiro, John M. Goulart.

JOHN P. COOK,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
Dated Oakland, Cal., Sept. 2, 1913.

9—6-13-20—13

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Manuel Enos De Valle, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Manuel Enos De Valle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Abe P. Leach, 716 Security Bank Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Manuel Enos De Valle, deceased.

H. B. MEHRMANN,
Administrator of the estate of Manuel Enos De Valle, deceased.

Dated, Oakland, August 29, 1913.

Date of first publication, Sept. 6, 1913.

9—6-13-20-27—10—4—13

9-20-13

HOW WE MARRY

Continued from page 3

This was not all what Nora had intended, but she had no doubt things would improve as the evening warmed and she set herself to talk amiably to Sir Paul, who asked her if she was sorry or glad to be going home soon.

"Very, very sorry," she answered, the tears brimming into her eyes; "I have enjoyed myself so much, and my home—"

She stopped and colored up. She had become so used to make a confidant of Sir Paul that she was on the verge of saying too much. He knew all about it, however. He was the intimate friend of the house. Lady Belletowers had but few secrets from Sir Paul. In fact, although he did not tell Nora this, he had danced with her mother when she was accounted the belle of the county. He did not appear to have noticed Nora's little mistake, but said kindly,

"Perhaps Lady Belletowers will ask you to stay on after the rest of the party has gone."

"Oh no, I am sure she will not; she was talking about my going home only yesterday. Besides, papa says Lady Belletowers soon gets tired of people. She might get tired of me if I were here all alone. It would not be very lively, would it?"

Sir Paul smiled; but Nora was looking across the room at Mr. Babley, who at that moment was bringing the full artillery of his eyes to bear on the heiress. Enthusiast that he was about feminine beauty, he did not fail to admire it in the coin of the realm.

Nora's dance with Sir Paul being over, several young men came up to ask her to let them put her name on their cards; but not Mr. Babley. He did not put in a claim until very late, by which time Nora was almost in tears. Could it be possible that he was only flirting, while she— The idea was almost too dreadful to be thought of; so she called up all her bravery, and shook the horrid thought away, especially when at last he asked her for a waltz. At all events she would enjoy herself now. Babley was to leave Belletowers on the morrow; she herself on the following day. Once more dancing with Nora the future Lord de Porchington seemed to forget the heiress, the hunters, everything but Nora, and till far on in the small hours, when the band played, "God Save the Queen," they lingered in each other's society, made love or flirted—and were happy; Sir Paul meanwhile watching these avowed lovers with more or less of a cynical smile lurking about his well-cut mouth.

The good-nights, or rather good-mornings, were said.

"I am starting very early," whispered Babley; "the meet is fifteen miles off. My servant takes my things on to Lord Merseals's where I dine. God bless you, Miss Boynton. We shall meet again soon, I hope. At all events I shall look forward to finding you here next winter."

An ardent look from those wonderful eyes. Nora is swept on by the crowd of ladies hurying up to bed, and the parting with Babley, so unexpected and so cold, is over. It is nearly six when the disappointed girl is at last alone in her room, but she does not feel in the least inclined to sleep. She pulls up the blind, and looks for a gleam of color in the sky; but there is not even one break, so she sits down in the arm-chair by the fire—not [illegible] whether her ball dress is tumbled or fresh—and begins to think, thinking she gets to crying, and large tear drops fall all about the gauzy attire, bedewing it with a portion of the sadness of which poor Nora's heart is so full.

It is not that she is so deperately in love with Babley that she feels she can ever be happy without him. It is over her own blighted prospects she is lamenting. That Christmas to which she had looked forward to as the turning point of life! It was all over. The day after tomorrow she must go back to the North, and probably sooner or later she would have to go out as a governess—her mother had said so; that this wes her only chance. Oh, how she had awaited it!

And sobs succeeded sobs until Nora looked very pink about the eyes and very pale about the cheeks, and moreover began to shiver and get cold. So at last she undressed and went to bed, just as the winter's sun peeped in through the frosted panes. Nora looked at it, and blessed the frost, and wondered if Mr. Babley would really go. After a while she fell asleep, and did not wake until eleven o'clock when the maid came in to tell her that breakfast would be at twelve.

Nora got up wearily and dressed herself very slowly. Her tumbled finery was lying all about the room in hopeless confusion, but she did not attempt to put things straight. She kicked the ill-fated ball dress, which had cost her so many hours of thought in its arrangement, into a heap in a corner, and went down to breakfast, loking so solemn that Miss Chevenix exclaimed.

"Well, late hours don't suit you, Miss Boynton. You do look pinched and ill this morning!"

But Nora did not care what she said; she would soon be beyond the reach of her darts now. She looked round the table. Babley was not there. Of course those odious hunters had won him, so that was over.

Everybody was talking of departure; Bradshaw, junctions, luggage were the key-words, till Nora was heartily sick of them. The only complacent-looking individual was Sir Paul. He seemed to be eating his breakfast with so much [illegible] and composure that in the unreasonable state of her mind he irritated her by his sangfroid as much as the other people did by their fussiness. To Nora this breakfast was the very longest meal she had ever experienced at Belletowers; and she was truly thankful when it was over and she was at liberty to return once more to the solitude of her own room.

Oh, that dreadful packing up! How joyfully she had gathered her war accourterments together at the beginning of the campaign! but, like a defeated, heart-broken soldier, she cared but little what became of them now. Marius weeping over the ruins of Carthage could scarcely have looked more disconsolate than poor Nora sitting among her open boxes and the ruins of her once glorious panoply.

For an hour at least she had sat there, and no one came to help her. The maids had long since discovered that Miss Boynton was a poor relation and neglected her accordingly.

A knock, however, was heard at the door. Could some one really be coming to pack those masses of things?

"Please, Miss Boynton, will you go to her ladyship in the boudoir? Her ladyship wishes to speak to you, and says never mind the packing."

Nora sprang to her feet, and a sudden rush of feeling brought the blood back to her heart.

"I will come directly."

"Babley" was the one word that rose to her lips as she paused for a moment before the looking glass to twist a rebellious curl into its place, and give her immaculate linen collar just the least little pretense at arrangement.

"Come and sit down by me here on the sofa, my love," said Lady Belletowers very kindly and gently (she was a woman with gentle manners, but a determined will), when Nora, a second or two later, entered the room. "I have a matter of a very delicate and responsible nature to talk about."

She kissed the girl, who was trembling all over, and then went on:

"In the absence of your mother, especially as she has confided you to me, I feel, my child, that you will let me stand in her place. I will strive to fill it honestly, and I hope discreetly."

"Oh, Lady Belletowers, you are more than kind;" and Nora sought to hide her burning cheeks half in the sofa cushion and half in the folds of Lady Belletowers dress.

Her ladyship stroked her hair affectionately.

"The fact is, my dear little Nora, I have been selected as an embassadress to propose to you a great alliance," she said, assuming a playful manner when she saw the girl was really frightened. At this juncture Nora's face was entirely concealed, only the tips of her very pink ears testified to the exceeding confusion from which she was suffering. Lady Belletowers, however, gently removed her hands from her burning cheeks, and went on "You are a very lucky girl, my love, since you have won the devotion, not only of a very rich man, holding a high position in the world, but of a kind and noble heart. There is scarcely a girl in our society but would feel flattered at being asked to become the wife of Sir Paul Statfield."

"Sir Paul Statfield!"

And all the color forsook Nora's face, leaving it white and ashen in hue. This testimony of her feelings was only what Lady Belletowers had expected. She did not pretend to notice it, however, but said with a smile,

"You may, indeed, be surprised to think that our poor little north-country Nora should be going to make this great match."

"But I cannot—I cannot. Oh. dear Lady Belletowers, I cannot—"

"Cannot! I do not understand. Explain, child. What do you mean?"

Oh, I don't know; I am so startled—so—"

"Well, do not excite yourself, my sweet girl. Compose your nerves and let us discuss the subject practically."

"But, dear Lady Belletowers, if I do not love Sir Paul—"

"My dear ..ora, don't begin to talk such nonsense; it is too childish. Sir Paul loves you; he is a man of wealth and position; a corteous, kind-hearted gentleman; while you—do not think me unkind for speaking plainly—you have no future, and a very indifferently comfortable home. You cannot afford to be sentimental."

Nora sat with clasped hands, looking fixedly at the carpet, but did not speak. "If it had only been Babley!" she thought.

Lady Belletowers continued, like a dexterous surgeon holding the knife with which she meant to cut mischief out at the very root with a firm hand,

"Sir Paul is going to stay on here for a few weeks while some repairs at Statfield Park are being done. I had hoped, my child, that you, too, would have remained with us for a time."

The color rose in Nora's face. Remain at Belletowers; not to have to go back to her miserable home! Oh, it would be too delightful! But her joy fell once more to zero when Lady Belletowers said,

"Of course, if you absolutely refuse Sir Paul this will be impossible, as daily meeting a girl who has rejected him would be a painful ordeal, through which I could not condemn him to pass."

Poor Nora! what conflicting emotions were hers! How heavily she felt the weight of poverty. The idea of the return home weighed upon her as a sort of a nightmare. Could she ever bear the taunts of her relations, especially if they learned that she had received a proposal from Sir Paul Statfield. Should she marry him? How could she when she did not love him? What was she to do? She begged for a reprieve.

"Do not tell him I will never marry him," she cried; "but ask him to have a little patience. Tell him I am so surprised—so—"

The sentence finished in a sob on Lady Belletowers shoulder.

Lady Belletowers kissed and caressed her, begged her not to cry, told her she was a brave little heart; and now, for the first time—wary diplomat that she was—alluded to the love making with Mr. Babley. She assured Nora that he was a heartless flirt, that he had never meant anything beyond the amusement of the passing hour. "In proof of which, my dear," she concluded, "he proposed and was accepted by Miss Despreaux last night She told me so herself this morning. She has a hundred thousand pounds, you know."

Nora lifted her head from her cousin's shoulder, and dried her tears forthwith; but her face was deadly pale. This fresh shock to her nerves was a sudden and stratling one. Through how many emotions was she to pass that Christmas-tide, she wondered!

"I will leave you, my love, to recover yourself, while I go and speak to Sir Paul. Here is some eau-de-cologne; bathe your face with it and stay here for a little while, will you?"

Nora promised, and was soon left to her meditations, which were scarcely more lively than when she sat among her open boxes, envying the very servants, because they had not to leave Belletowers.

It was Babley, not Belletowers, that had made her last week's sojourn there a Paradise. She knew it full well now; in fact, she thought so much of Babley and his defection, that she forgot all about Sir Paul. How could she be expected to think of him, with her first love dream lying shattered into a thousand atoms at her feet.

While she still lingers there, looking with sorrowful longing at the broken fragments, the door opens quietly, and before she has time to utter even one little cry, Sir Paul is standing before her. Had it been possible she would have taken instant flight; but before she could make up her mind to do anything Sir Paul was actually sitting beside her in the very place Lady Belletowers quitted not half and hour before. He is looking at her very kindly with his benevolent eyes; but Nora, even in her fright and perplexity, thinks his hair looks more than usually gray, and wishes with all her heart that he was her father or her uncle, and then he would never have asked her to marry him. Not a very promising beginning to his suit but then, fortunately, he could not read her thoughts.

He took her hand and held it in his own. She did not attempt to draw it away. Since flight was impossible, she resolved to resign herself to circumstances.

To Be Continued

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